

PLAGUE AND FISH

Washington, Oct. 18.—Much interest has been caused among physicians here by a recent report from Robert M. McWade, United States Consul at Canton, in which he says:

"Apropos of bubonic plague, I feel it is my duty to say to you that in my experience fish-eating people are those first attacked by that awful scourge, and who die from it in the greatest numbers. My experience has been that of such able specialists as Dr. John M. Swan and Dr. Adolph Razlag, and I have noted the same conditions in Bombay, Calcutta, Hongkong, Hongkong, Swatow, Canton and Chinese towns and villages along the banks of the great rivers and their tributaries. I venture to suggest that this fact may be worthy of the consideration of the medical department of our Government."

Mr. McWade's idea of the eating of fish as a cause for bubonic plague is by no means new, but upon the receipt of his report, the Marine Hospital Service made a thorough investigation of it and former similar reports. It has been known ever since the investigation of bubonic plague and its causes was taken up by the service that most species of wild animals and fish are affected with a plague. The different families of wild animals are affected each by a disease confined to it alone.

Some time ago a report came from Japan that plague in the human race was caused by germs received in the

eating of fish. The Japanese specialist Nickaladi made a thorough investigation and after many experiments stated that the plague reported in fish families was in no way similar to bubonic plague, and in no way could germs from the fish cause plague in the human race.

Surgeon General Wyman of the Marine Hospital Service states in connection with Consul McWade's report that if bubonic plague is prevalent among the inhabitants of towns and cities along the water front and among fish-eating people, it is due only to the exposure undergone by them, and by their insanitary mode of living.

Dr. Wyman explained that it had been demonstrated beyond dispute that the germs of bubonic plague first became evident in the lower limbs of persons affected and in like manner the plagues attacking wild animals were to be first noticed in their feet, but although the first symptoms of these diseases were similar, their effects and conditions were in no way alike.

Regarding the first evidences of the disease in the limbs, he said that without doubt the prevalence of bubonic plague among fish-eating people was caused by the reception of the germs of the disease in abrasions of the feet and legs, which was made possible because these people wore no shoes or other protection.

Dr. Wyman and his assistants are positive that bubonic plague is not caused by the eating of fish.

"TWO BITS"

"Two-bits," an old racer, was in his day the fastest and longest-winded horse in Arizona. He belonged at the time to Lieutenant Charles Curtis (now Captain Curtis, at the University of Wisconsin), who built the first stockade on the present site of Fort Whipple, A. T. The episode is true, even to the old horse leading the soldiers back to his fallen rider. The man lived; but "Two-bits" died of his wounds, and is buried under a heap of stones beside the overland road a few miles west of Fort Wingate, N. M. The ride was about 250 miles.)

Where the shimmering sands of the desert beat

In waves to the footfalls' rugged line

And cat-claw and cactus and brown mesquite

Elbow the cedar and mountain pine;

Under the lip of a wind-swept hill,

Like a little gray hawk Fort Whipple clung;

The fort was a pen of peeled pine logs,

And forty troopers the Army strong.

At the very gates when the darkness fell,

Prowling Mojave and Yavapai

Signalled with shrill coyote yell,

Or mocked the night owl's piercing cry;

Till once when the guard turned shuddering

For a trace in the east of the welcome dawn,

Spent, wounded, a courier reeled to his feet—

"Apaches rising—Wingate warn!"

"And half the troop at the Date Creek camp!"

The Captain muttered, "These devils heard!"

White-lipped he called for a volunteer

To ride Two-bits and carry the word:

"Alone—it's a game of hide and seek;

One man may win where ten would fail;

Himself the saddle and cinches set

And headed Two-bits for the Verde trail.

Two-bits! How his still eyes woke to the chase!

The bravest soul of them all was he;

Hero of many a hard-won race,

With a hundred scars for his pedigree;

Wary of ambush and keen of trail,

Old in wisdom of march and fray,

And the rizzled veteran seemed to know

The lives that hung on his hoofs that day.

"A week—God speed you, and make it less!

Ride by night from the river on;"

Caps were swung in a silent cheer,

A quick salute, and the word was gone.

Sunrise, threading the Point of Rocks;

Dusk, in the canyons dark and grim

Where, coiled like a slung thread

Round the cliffs,

The trail crawls up to the frowning Rim.

A pebble turned, a spark out-struck

From the steel-shod hoof of the treacherous flint—

Ears wait, eyes strain, in the rocks above,

For the faintest whisper, the farthest gleam;

But shod with silence and robed with night

They pass untracked, and mile by mile

The hills divide for the flying feet,

And the stars lean low to guide the while.

Never a plumed quail hid her nest

With the stealthiest care a mother may.

As crouched at dawn the chaparral

These two, whom a heart-beat might betray;

So hiding and riding, night by night;

Four days, and the end of the riding near;

The fort just hid in the distant hills—

But hie! A whisper, a breath of fear!

They wheel and turn—too late! Ping!

Ping!

From their very feet a fiery jet:

A lurch, a plunge, and the bravest old horse

Leaped out with his broad chest torn and wet.

Ping! Thud! On his neck the rider

swayed;

(Ten thousand deaths if he reeled and fell)

Behind, exultant, the painted horse

Swooped down like a skirmish line from Hell.

Not yet! Not yet! Those ringing hoofs

Have scarred their triumph on many a course;

And the desperate, blood-trailed chase swept on—

Apache sinews 'ganist wounded horse;

Hour crowding hour till the yells died back,

Till the pat of the moccasined feet was gone,

And dumb to heeding of foe or fear

The rider dropped, but the horse kept on.

Stiff and stumbling and spent and sore,

Plodding the rough miles doggedly,

Till the daybreak bugles of Wingate rang

And a faint neigh answered the reveille;

Wide swung the gate; a wounded horse—

Red-dabbled pouches and riding gear—

A shout, a hurry, a quick flung word—

And boots and saddles rang sharp and clear.

Like a stern commander the old horse turned

As the troop fled out, and straight at the head

He guided them back on that weary trail.

Till he fell by his fallen rider, dead;

But the man and the message saved.

And he

Whose brave heart carried the double load—

With his last trust kept and his last race won

They buried him there on the Wingate Road.

—Sharlot M. Hall in Out West.

GOLD FROM GOLD FISH

After hearing from returning Englishmen a few tales about New York's gold brick industry they are prepared to believe anything in London about the plausibility of the American "con" man and the gullibility of his victims.

A particularly tough yarn has just gone the rounds of the London papers about a gathering of Kansas farmers who contributed \$100 apiece to a venerable person who had a process for extracting gold from goldfish.

According to his yarn the venerable person with the glib tongue and the gold extracting process met the farmers at the Aquarium. He confided to them that through a peculiar chemical process in the goldfish's digestion discovered by him several grains of pure gold are made and dissolved in its body daily.

The gold, of course, came out of the sea water like that of the Boston gentleman who made a fortune out of credulous folks a year or so ago. After inspecting the goldfish the scientist took his farmer friends to a laboratory.

There after juggling with chemicals he produced from a small fish a glittering nugget. After that the farmers contributed readily and the scientist disappeared with the proceeds of his collection.

Of course the credulity, even of Kansas farmers, ends somewhere, and there hasn't been any such swindle. But the London papers swallowed the yarn. One of them found in it a very good reason why Englishmen should not be persuaded to be Americanized into adopting Yankee business methods in any degree.

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Millionaire Cup Defenders



A. B. WIDENER.
I. H. GARY.
W. M. LEEDS.



J. J. HILL.
N. B. REAM.
C. O. ISELIN.



W. M. ROCKEFELLER.
CORL VANDERBILT.
CLIMONT A. GRISCOM.



The syndicate of millionaires who are building a yacht to defend the America's Cup against a third attempt by Sir Thomas Lipton to win the coveted yachting trophy for England, is formidable in its array of power. Its members are among the most famous financiers and industrial magnates in the United States. Sir Thomas Lipton declares himself greatly pleased with the syndicate, and regards it as a very strong aggregation which "looks like business." Work on the new yacht will be started immediately.

HARD FOR CRIMINALS TO HIDE

"Several recent sensational bombings and the active pursuit of the alleged murderers by the police in the cities where the crimes were committed, and of the law officers in the different parts of the country, calls up a fact about the apprehension of criminals," said a headquarters detective sergeant.

To the ordinary observer one would think it would be comparatively easy to commit a crime, whether of robbery or of homicide, and escape detection, especially in a large city like New York. It would appear to be very easy in that whirlpool of humanity for a man to secrete himself, lie low, wait until the affair blew over and then seek safety in flight and oblivion in some distant part of the country. To a stranger it would seem that a man could be entirely lost from observation in New York, where one does not know the residents of his own apartment house, or even those on the same floor with him, much less the people upon the block.

"The two great reasons why such an escape is not made by the culprit lie in his lack of nerve, once blood has been shed by him, and from the further fact that we all have our little worlds in which we live, and when a stranger comes over the threshold thereof we at once detect his presence. Thus, while a man who had committed a crime in a large city would think himself safe in some small town or village, he becomes, on the contrary, immediately an object of suspicion on the part of the residents, who, though strangers to him, are known to one another. Until this suspicion is cleared up he is a marked man, and, being a stranger, he is as readily picked out as a man in a uniform upon a city street.

"But in a great city, you say, he would be safe. A great city is simply an aggregation of little worlds to which I refer. If a man comes to a lodging house or a boarding house or to a hotel in any quarter of town, if he is not as he represents himself to be, his real identity is soon discovered. The same is true if we go into the lower strata of city life; in each little world he shows himself to its inhabitants to be a stranger, and the suspicion I speak of attaches at once to a greater or less degree.

"And thus are 'clues' given to the police. The stranger is discovered and reported directly or indirectly. He is not one of the regular frogs in that particular pond in which he thought he would be secure from those from whom he has fled. It is really astonishing how quickly a man is detected out of his regular environment and sphere, and the first thought of a man who has committed a crime is to get out of his regular environment and into a new and unfamiliar one to him. A criminal who seeks the environment of a tramp, as in several recent notable cases, is detected by the men whom he tries to simulate just as readily as a man in the lower walks of life who commits a crime, obtains money and seeks to float in an atmosphere to which he is not used. These men betray themselves and are caught, and because of this trait of human nature showing itself over and over again, the police are able to lay their hands so quickly upon offenders. They have learned where to look for their game. Like the hunted wild animal, they run in the same paths where pursued, and are quickly brought to bay or shot down.

"Each year the catching of offenders of all degrees against the law is being worked down to a fixed science. The chances of a man escaping after committing a crime have been greatly reduced during the past decade, and with each ensuing decade they will be still lessened."—Washington Star.

A HORSE'S AFFECTION

The affections of a horse are not inferior to his intellectual qualities; and, especially if made a pet, he becomes very fond of his master. In case of separation, he remembers him for years. But his affection is different from that of a dog, which continues to love his master even though the latter abuses him greatly. Rough, unkind treatment will quickly estrange the affection of a horse. Good horse sense discloses no particular reason why a horse should be devoted to a master who habitually maltreats him, says David Buffum in Success.

The intellect and affections of a horse point out two things so important to a trainer that he must bear them in mind until they become fixed habits of thought:

1. Never, under any circumstances, allow a horse to successfully oppose his will to yours. If you do, he will remember it and reasoning by experience) try it again.

2. Always keep his affection. If he dislikes you he has no wish to please you; and if his obedience is always perfunctory, you will make but little headway in training him.

These two points assured, he will almost invariably try to do whatever you require of him—if he only knows what it is.

WOMAN FARMERS.

[New York Sun.]

A new race of Faithful Shepherdesses may spring up and the glories of the pastoral romances, Spanish, Italian and Arcadian, may be revived. And by the side of or in competition with the courtly and luxurious ruralists with their hooped petticoats and diamond-studded crooks, a set of sovereign solid agricultural divinites may arise, the clear-eyed business women making a business of farming. Man is pretty well dethroned already. There is not much of him left except pretences. The women are driving him out, and some stern feminine economists even advise that he be exterminated. We hope the movement will not go so far as that, at least in our time, but the ruralist will be taught to know his place, and he is coming to know that the quiet but relentless women will leave mighty few places for him by the time they have done with him. If they set their hearts to farming they will be good farmers; and as they are more intelligent than the men, the latter will be allowed to do the hard work on the farm. We may be permitted to doubt if having potatoes is an easier job than playing the yspewriter, but the woman folks will suit themselves.

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WALL STREET SLUMP

New York, Nov. 14.—Not since the great panic of May 9, 1901, when J. P. Morgan cornered Northern Pacific, has there been so much excitement in the stock market.

Thirteen prominent stocks broke more than five points each from the low prices recorded as the result of a week of Standard Oil raiding. More than sixty issues broke over two points. Nearly a million and a half shares were traded in. One terrific drive on St. Paul sent it tumbling 7½ points. Bears cheered as they saw it, for they said no hand but that of James R. Keene could accomplish the wonder.

Keene denies that he did it. "I am not even a bear," said he. "I had nothing to do with the market today."

There was laughter on his lips, and he seemed as happy as a lamb about to buy his ten shares of United States Steel at 50.

And yet there was no panic. There was no public in the market. It was a diamond cut diamond, pool, slaughter pool. Terrific losses were sustained by men who are in the habit of making and losing millions with a smile. Conservative estimates place the total losses of the last week at no less than \$67,000,000, and a thousand men bore them.

The Western operators, under the leadership of John W. Gates, have been the heaviest losers, for they were still selling long stocks today at the bottom. The Westerners have electrified Wall street before with their wild bull manipulations, but Wall street is still gasping in astonishment at the amount of stocks they have been forced to discharge. Fabulous figures have to be used to tell the extent of their stock deals.

They operate through so many houses that it is hard to tell the extent of their business, but one house in the street is said to have had loans amounting to \$65,000,000 a week ago and to have reduced them to \$16,000,000 in the tempest. The biggest individual losses are said to have been suffered by members of the big pool in Southern Pacific, managed by James R. Keene. So far as Mr. Keene is personally concerned, it is said that his

pool is intact, but it is known that members of it have been forced to sell their interests in it. Their aggregate losses were placed at \$17,000,000 today by street news bureaus.

There are at least fifty pools operating in the market. These average about twenty members each. Some of the men are members of several pools, so that counting the Southern Pacific pool with its membership of 400, it may be said that the total losses have been borne by about a thousand rich men.

As no pool goes into the market with less than \$1,000,000, and as the average decline has been 25 per cent, \$1,000,000 will be a low estimate of the average pool loss. Thus the total loss for the week will amount to \$67,000,000 at least, or an average of \$67,000 to the man. The does not include the disastrous \$10,000,000 pool in Colorado Fuel, managed by Gates, which closed with a loss of \$2,500,000.

Wild as the ticker made the market look, there was little excitement in the offices of the brokers. It was all on the board, for there was no public in its tolls.

But pandemonium reigned on the floor of the exchange. The hundred-share traders were swept aside and it took a five-hundred share lot to get recognition. Those chronic bears who have been talking lower prices ever since the bull market began two years ago whooped with joy, as they believed they detected Keene in the leadership. The cause of it all was the same crop of rumors that has been doing service for a week, with new ones. Mr. Keene is believed to be enjoying the discomfiture of certain houses that watched with glee some time ago when he was asked by the banks to reduce his loans.

There seemed to be evidence that the Moore Bros. were impregnable, for their Rock Island stock was smashed 6½ for the common and 7 for the preferred, and they stood smiling.

Rumor was busy with the name of Thomas W. Lawson of Boston, but he hurried back defiance at Wall street by long distance telephone and told it to save its wild arrows to shoot bears with, for he said they would be needed in a few days.

GOVERNMENT WIRELESS

Washington, Nov. 10.—Government control of all wireless telegraph stations along the coasts of the United States is recommended by Rear Admiral R. B. Bradford, chief of the bureau of equipment, in his annual report, in the concluding portion, which was issued today. Foreign Governments, it is pointed out, are exercising careful supervision over the location of wireless stations within their waters, thus insuring prompt transmission of messages at all times. Admiral Bradford says it is proposed to establish wireless telegraph stations for the purpose of instructing officers and men at Newport, New York, San Francisco and probably other naval stations. In order to ascertain the effect of heat, which is said to be injurious to the successful working of wireless apparatus, a station will be established at Key West, Fla.

Although other naval powers are far in advance of the United States in the installation of wireless telegraph appliances on board naval ships, Rear Admiral Bradford does not think any ground has been lost by the United States in pursuing a conservative policy in the adoption of some particular system for use in the Navy. Many vessels are now ready for the installation of wireless apparatus and others are being prepared. No satisfactory results have yet been obtained by the board of officers in charge of the tests of the various systems, and it is proposed to purchase other instruments for trial before a selection is made. Four systems of wireless telegraphy have been developed in Europe which seem promising. The bureau has purchased two sets of each and certain appliances from the makers, which appeared promising. Attention is called to the opportunity for officers of studying wireless telegraphy, only three having been engaged in this work this far. In foreign navies commissions of distinguished officers are engaged solely in this service.

In regard to the construction of the trans-Pacific cable, Rear Admiral Bradford reports that so far as he is aware the Commercial Pacific Cable Company has signified no intention of following the Government requirement for building a cable as specified by the President. The report says that, although the officers of the company appeared anxious before adjournment of Congress to obtain the Pacific cable surveys made by the department, no application has been made at the department for this information.

The report says that no statement has been given out concerning the route the company intends to follow, nor have steps been taken to prepare relay stations on American territory considered necessary by the department, with the exception of acquiring the site for landing the cable near Honolulu.

In sixty-one foreign ports agreements have been made to supply ships of the Navy with coal at below current rates. Admiral Bradford says that, owing to the lack of naval coal depots the fleet narrowly escaped being left without coal last summer as a result of the strike. He adds: "Should there be a general strike of